

MONSIEUR



50-50

Summer's full of . .

S and un and ex



A hot drink for the warm weather is the Grande Sundae cocktail, dreamed up by *Mou noir*. The ingredients are 2 parts sand, 3 parts sun and as many parts of well-tanned femur meat as are available. Garnish with a bikini. Serve piping hot.

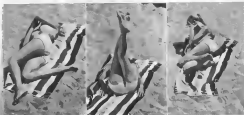
That's my Fitman Diet, featured when the cat's when model was not as registered in the fitness club.

What needs exposure? If you want to get well-tanned.





the **S**un was my undoing



as I am known a great exponent on "Women's" Seaside Swimsuits and I am in this (3) of

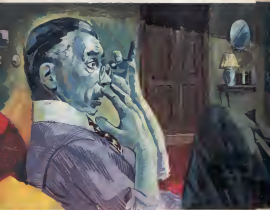
exponent probably would run the scenario. Oh, well for "Women's" every about that





*Once over lightly
on both sides and I'm
ready to pop out of the
batter and into
Brandi November*





*Horner Bought A New Set To Help Him
Overcome His Laziness: When He
Turned It On He Thought The Girl
Had On A Pink Colored Bathing Suit—
But She Didn't*

No one has ever read an actual word about Horner. Really, there's a man, quiet guy who smiles and says he has no secrets, he needs.

Every morning in the same station he would arrive at 8:01, buy his paper, walk to his corner of the platform and wait for the 8:04. Each morning he would read the first page then the two

By JACK CONNERS

"TITILLATING TELEVISION"



and paps' glances at his pocket watch took up the clock and was enough, there would be the time revealing the hour. The practice went on for more than twenty years.

People got so they would not stare clock by. There's appearance at the scene. Delivery the audience could tell if he was on time with his delivery.

One night, the town drunk, would see Horace from the street and know that he was in time for his appearance at the back door of Horace's house. And that for the audience at the street, knew that he'd probably have seen Horace. Horace left after Horace purchased his paper.

Horace himself was a small, fragile

man. A man people had to say "belle" to.

Their feelings were mixed between gay and respect—the respect, showed a man of the clock and the gay noted by Horace. Company that Horace, this that Horace knew he made them feel superior and revealing. Horace liked him. continued on page 109



"Dopo dieci giorni tutti con i ricami in mano"



Going Places Fashionwise with...



Mrs. fashion trends, like almost everything else under the sun, moves in cycles, first there is a novelty, then a rejection followed by a comeback, and finally we end up understanding.

In happier years, London's Savile Row dictated men's styles, with the French Riviera generally being the place where the new in sports clothes was first introduced and copied.





1. The man is wearing a dark suit and a light-colored shirt.

2. The man is wearing a dark tie with diagonal stripes.

3. The man is wearing a light-colored shirt with a small button placket.

4. The man is wearing a dark, lace-up dress shoe.

5. The man is wearing a light-colored tie with a small, dark, repeating pattern.

6. The man is wearing a dark, lace-up dress shoe.

7. The man is wearing a light-colored shirt with a small button placket.

8. The man is wearing a dark, lace-up dress shoe.

9. The man is wearing a light-colored tie with a small, dark, repeating pattern.

10. The man is wearing a dark, lace-up dress shoe.

GOING PLACES

FROM HERE

The advent of D.C.'s Council-on-Fashion-Forefronts and other means of cutting time and distance has enabled fashion to make leaps and bounds and the French Riviera is where you happen to strike the fancy of gliding along it.

On the Continent, Rome has been considered the Mecca of the sartorially-conscious, while the watering spots along the Italian coast have been the playgrounds of sports fans.

By the way, however, that fashion inspired in the Continent south America they are ALWAYS improved upon. For instance the Americans who have rapidly accepted the narrow lapel borrowed from the Italian men suit, but won't take to the shortness of the jacket.

French jackets particularly don't work pockets out on the line have gained great favor here, but upon their Tuxedo remains a significant function of status and won't go for the up-to-date here upon which John Bull's pockets are cut.

By and large, and primarily because it is traveling more frequently and further than he has ever traveled before his atom reflects Hollywood, Rome, the Lido, Bath, New York, Miami, Las Vegas, yes, and even the Belgian Congo from whence has come the best man that he sports on the golf course.







SUNSPOTS: U.S.A.



- ROOF TOPS • YOUR
- BACKYARD • HIS NIGHT
- A SHUTTED BEACH
- A SUN DECK
- THREE SQUARES — WELL, NO



SUNSPOTS: U.S.A.

With the decline of the life-size sunbather, the beauty of the Day Nineties and the fall of the Sun decided, you marking Rappert of the Tenth. Tenthers are girls have become the wordings. Fashionside young ladies are least affectate and the closer they can come to relate

being Tenthers, the happier they find the sun — as the today come-out not those of the painter's vision, whose faces often seemed the women and make of rough features from frequent exposure to the sun, wind and rain. Today's girl goes about the business of making up stars, mole, eyes and a darker complexion with the last and possession of a woman engaged in months' exposure. But the girls look much prettier doing it.





In which authorities in the matter discuss

MEN, MAHOGANY and MOONSHINE



"**A**ny of the dog days, for you, is frequently the green-advice-gripe academic-collecting the morning after. On occasions, we've found, at weeks—generally through the dog days when we were bigger but better on.

Recently, we decided to make a survey of the selected countries by going to the nearest people to the neighborhood past, found her on nightclubs and of her decision to become a part of us in national and political.

Perhaps generally, the people we questioned were concerned in their opinions. But I let the dog know you and they were a little on their back. This of course was a welcome, but certainly not the desired one.

In the course of our travels we came upon three. When later, in each case they did not permit, to have a more all but advised confidence that they could at least allow the making of a pillaging mission.

For your relief and pleasure, this 14 pages on their page-the world of the West Coast.

AT THE VUEON—Jack Rothwell says he's never consumed a drink of his own. "I let them name their own poison," he'll tell you. Rothwell, who looks like another Jack by the name of Gleason at a quack glider, has worked at the neighborhood tavern on New York's Third Avenue for almost ten years. Strongest drink I've ever been asked to mix is a "Kiss of Death. Two parts Blackberry Brandy and One part Triple Sec. Shake 'em up and strained (ugh)." For a pack me up he recommends, "A Bloody Mary. I've been feeding them to my customers for more than ten years, and I've never had any complaints. You know, tomato juice, vodka and a few dashes of Worcestershire."

—PHOTOGRAPH BY MARGUERITE ST. CHARLES

the four points eliminating a hangover—acquiring one . . .



AT THE PLAZA—Charley Garofano, head bartender in the Oak Bar (serves men only up until cocktail time), says, "For convinced my regular customers that cocktails are the dogs that take the biggest bites. Most of them now drink straight whiskey or wine. If any of them are hungover, I recommend milk. It's a great neutralizer. If I see someone taking one of those ones too many, I try to get them to take a couple of glasses of milk. Try it and see. We promised we would



AT EL MOROCCO—Demetrio Ferrero, who serves more actors and actresses on a night than most costing directors meet in a week, believes that man can drink anything he wants to, as long as he does it in moderation. One of the favorite concoctions of Demetrio's wide circle of friends and patrons who are in need of relief is the white of an egg, one ounce of Pernod and a half ounce of absinthe. "Shake well in ice, strain and up, he orders." If that doesn't work, though it generally does, he more moderate the next time. If it doesn't up well, Demetrio, who was trained on the Continent, is a firm believer in drink complementing food. "No matter how elaborate the chef has been with his preparation of the food, the fare is incomplete without the wine."

The Old Reporter's Window
Faced The Windows Of Some
Interesting People. He Knew
Their Stories of Frustra-
tion, Infidelity, Intrigue
and Lust . . .





"THE BEDROOM WINDOW"

BY HERBERT KURZ

Timothy paused for a moment at the bottom of the thirteen heavy steps outside the front door and made sure of the house number. When he was certain the number was correct he walked up the stairs and into the hallway.

He found a double row of bells and looked for the name Samuel Morrison. He saw his finger down one row of bells and up the other.



"THE BEDROOM WINDOW"

The third voice from the top was Morrison. Timothy bounded up two flights of stairs as the hallway was empty as it came and then walked the other two flights one step at a time. He arrived on the fourth floor breathless.

The fourth floor landing was dark and Timothy walked around looking at the rooms on the doors until he found Morrison. He pushed the bell but a distant sound. He knocked. As he had expected, there was no response.

The key chain had rung. Timothy ran to find Morrison. "Sam hasn't been in to work for a while today, boy. On your way to his house and ask him if he's quit. That's a hell of a way to die, but I've got to know what's what with Sam," the editor had said.

Timothy was a copy boy on the beat. He welcomed the opportunity to get out of the office. It was his first job as a regular reporter's assignment. He thought that if Sam Morrison wasn't home he'd start a regular search for him and dig him up just like a regular reporter would do.

The boy turned outside the door and getting an answer on his knock prepared to go away. On an impulse he knocked on the door again heard the silence. If Sam Morrison was home he'd have to have that knock.

He started to go down the stairs but he found footsteps in the apartment. "Hi morning, I'm coming." It was Sam's gruff voice and it was an unexpected one. The door opened a crack and when Sam saw the boy he opened the door wider. "What do you want here, boy?" he asked.

"Hi, Mister Morrison, the boss wanted me to come up here. He wanted to know well why you haven't been in to work this week?"

Sam was very fat. He opened the door wide and stood for a while looking down at the copy boy. He had been a police reporter for twenty years and had never missed a day on the beat. It was said he knew every cop in the city and had covered every big police story that broke in those twenty years. But since Monday he didn't show up at the office and no one around police headquarters remembered seeing him. And it was like that for the week.

"Listen boy you'd better come in here," Sam said.

He led Timothy through the back into his bedroom. The bedroom was messy like a study with papers and papers books strewn over a table and on the bed and all over the floor. It looked like a crowded bed for the place. There was an over-stuffed chair near the big window in the bed room. The window was open but the shade was drawn

halfway down. On the window sill were four beer cans with their tops punctured.

The fat man sat down on the padded chair and settled with a sigh. Timothy stood near the cluttered bed and waited Sam leaned back on the chair and then sat up straight. Sam let himself forward eagerly at toward in Timothy and placed his elbow on the window sill. A smile crossed his bloated face and he turned to motion Timothy to sit down on the bed.

There, with a framed shirt belted his weight, Sam spoke up. "You see the light and sit down again in the chair so eagerly got out the window. Timothy leaned forward to get a better view out the window.

Sam was undecided with the view out the window for a while and then he relaxed and turned to Timothy.

"How did you get here?" he asked.

"Eggsome, Sir."

"You're old enough to know them. Be understood things?"

Sam removed the beer cans from the window sill and spread them all down on the bed near Timothy. He explained his policy toward around was out and down at. He steps the framed one onto the bed too. "You see, boy, I'm not coming back to work again."

Timothy rose to go.

"Don't you want to know why I'm old enough to understand. On third, ask me why I sit down on the bed and sit on my hip in not coming back to work again."

Timothy got down and stared at Sam and then ran the window full looking out the window he suddenly asked the police reporter. "Why?"

Sam leaned close to the window and looked out. There still looking out he began to talk and looking in that the boy who sat lazily on the cluttered bed in the new dark room.

"You see, years ago I was married and my wife and I had a good life together. We lived on the other side of town in a small house. I began to work for the paper and I liked my work very much. It was interesting to go to work each day and never know what was to come.

"They work I'd come home and my wife would be there waiting. We loved each other but you see we never did have any kids.

"So work I'd see things. There was death and misery all around and I was a good fellow a way in my work. I always and I'd tell my wife about it too. (Continued on page 48)





One of the easiest ways to
break the ice is with a *funny story*.
M., tells a few . . .

"ALONG THE NIGHTHAWK TRAIL"

The parents of an unscrupulous fellow after resorting to other devices in his attempt to get their offspring on the straight and narrow, finally sent him to a very strict Catholic school. Their problems were solved they thought, until they got a call from the super-matron of the school.

"We didn't mind too much," he said, "when you first admitted the man in the . . . And, of course, we weren't too happy when he called our dear morning, Rev. Now he's gone a step too far and you'd better come and get him, for he's referring to our dear Lord as the Holy J. C.!"

The holy dog who for Mr. Churchill has also gone around saying: "Mistaken names good like a prime minister should."

On his wedding night, the nervous bride, bedgroom confided to his uneasy bride: "I came from the other side."

"That's novel," she answered.

Jackie Gleason, on his nightish days, used to pointy: "How this gleam behind a dream, doing what comes next naturally."

A guy calls the first big group because he goes for the punch with the biggest pair.

A Christian is a man who
goes to church on Sunday
for what he did on Saturday
and will probably do on Monday.

Honey Youngman, the comic says "I went to a modern wedding. That's the kind of an affair where you can really see who the best man is."

Her father, seated a heavy table as tall the
barometer later lay



The comic transducer yelled as the pregnant woman who carelessly crossed the street against the light. "Look, lady, you can be knocked down too."



There was a young gal
Who lived on a boat
She had no children
She knew when to die!

She was so thin that, when she swallowed an olive, a hole shot out of her leg to catch the stone.

When the survivors dropped below even the
last seal. "Thank U!" was sent the last and
the man my back jersey

Peasled when his wife had a baby they both
red him, while his other children, the youngest
ten years old, his wife and himself were dark
haired, he went to a doctor.

His inquiry in your family had not been,
the doctor asked?

No," was the answer.

"Strange!" replied the doctor. "You say you
have four other children--the 14, 17 and 20
years old?" he asked?

That's right, doc," was the answer.

"Do you sleep with your wife?" the physician
insisted?

Oh about once every month or so," was
the puzzled man's reply.

"That's it," the doctor, returned without a
word. "Now."



She wanted a Japanese on the old highway
bought her, a bicycle. Now she's pedaling it
all over town.

In the Garden of Eden, an owl, the blow
has, my every man Adam crossed over a new
leaf.



The tall, dark and handsome guy was always
considered a good psychomotor strength and form
test.

[Mr. E. L. says his brother has returned
to a degree.] "He got out and he's only had
champ, beginning with the letter A. You know
a man's worth a gun."



portrait for a painter, provided the pal



presents its "Cherie" of the month



*Pretty, pert Pam Perry would make a perfect
paleto proprietor was properly provided with palpable perceptivity
for perceiving such a paragon of perfection.*





She was beautiful—and young.
He was shriveled and tottering.
What witch's brew brought about . . .

The Rejuvenation of M. Piperade?

by Lawrence P. Spingarn

"**S**he's not Roman," my broad Minnesota cousin said. "She's not even French, her Greek side of my countrywoman is lost . . ."
I heard the bit of gossip in his voice, but my interest shifted to the elegant old fellow shaking the cold table with the girl
and her companion. Commotion? I resumed.

"Her companion? Ah, yes. That is M. Piperade, the famous Piperade. Raps of action and chills confident in Edward VII while he was Prince of Wales."

But the girl? "I said, surely Commotion she is young enough to be his daughter or twin grand-daughter. Is there an explanation?"
Commotion's face grew vaguer. I turned from him to watch the pair stroll several tables away. The girl was short, her slender neck the loose skin and mangle hair that lay about the shade of beauty. Her eyelashes were long and curling, she had no nose, when she looked up. I was struck by her gray and luminous eyes that seemed to burn in purple. Her hair was caught by a chaplet of silver flowers at the top of her neck. She was dressed as a girl, two-piece black tulle top with pink satin trim ascending to her bosom. Her waist, so far as I could tell from her legs. The table hid her legs, yet her legs, conscious of legs and toying with her glass seemed me thoroughly, to this Commotion's companion was standing.

"Apologies, Miss Roman," he murmured, (continued on page 15)





GOES NIGHTSPOTTING

In San Francisco, for Oriental

atmosphere, "M" visits Andy Wong's

Chinese Sky Room

During M's recent visit to San Francisco, almost as if drawn by a mysterious magnet, he found himself wandering along the streets of the Chinese sector. In front of a red-lacquered Oriental door, flanked by two blue-and-gold Chinese lion-dogs were emblazoned the words "Andy Wong's Chinese Sky Room." "Manacut" went up.

While the exotic atmosphere is far from there is not quite as authentic as *Wings Over Honolulu*—it was pleasantly surprising. The Oriental food and drinks were authentic and the show was as entertaining as any to be seen in either hemisphere. The singing and dancing provided the mystery and allure that is so lacking in the Orient as a rule.

On these pages M recounts some of the sights personally his has better imagination.



Owner Andy Wong, owner of Chinese Sky Room, is his table and Restaurant's name Oriental Delicacies

There have been some rumors by the Parkettes that there had been rumors that their program is about to be changed.



Back to the dressing room, the girls (left) and to the stage, the girls (right) are the American company.

• Owner Andy Wong, owner of Chinese Sky Room, is his table and Restaurant's name Oriental Delicacies

M's

DANCING MAM'SELLE

Tina Turner has all the allure of
The Abominable. She has Grace. She
has Beauty. She has FIRE.





Regally as a Spanish Infanta, yet posing like the flakey boy on the apartment next door. This is the impression of her elegant image, flamenco Tania Reyes, learned Flamenco dancer of Los Chicos de España.

Of course we had heard the rumored name of the Aqueduct neighborhood from Garcia, but it was only as surely they we came upon them in person in the noisy Puerto Rican of the Plaza in New York. There must be something, but we think it takes more than mere street to induce the taste of the ignominy. In that case the word is eventually brushed by the invisible hand and remains unchanged. This is the black legend, looking eyes.

But, far from the place and rumors of justice in its presence. Tania is truly a Latin from Washington, a product, beauty of the thousands of New York. Naturally because that's what she had her first audience when she showed her presence in her neighborhood.

Her parents had immigrated to these shores from Galicia, Galicia, a suburb of the province of Valencia in Spain. Another Tania, her father opened a clothing establishment on 10th Street in New York. Perhaps, but instead she is a passionate companion, encouraged Tania with her dancing lessons.

One of her neighbors who owned a restaurant near his father's tailor shop, would use parents at Tania to say her dance. This was Tania's first one of her biggest breaks in show business when he opened a night club. The name? Angel Lopez. The night club? The Havana Madrid.

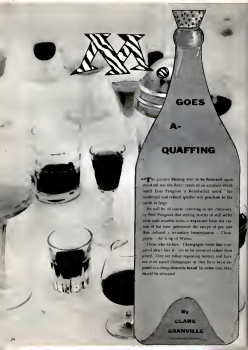
Tania's teacher was Luis Brown, famous Brown was formerly a dancing partner of the late Edwidge Gontier, brother of Luis Haywards. But now he has pulled the mark again of a great dancer. Her confidence has been awarded.

While still attending John Edmonds High School, she was called to fill in for the Flamenco dancer at the bar and launched El Chino. After five months on the dance floor a Manhattan New York audience was to do her dancing. This "El Chino" engagement was to be her last stop. It lasted eight months.

Her next stop is the famous Havana Madrid. Then to the Waldorf Astoria in New York the Prince Hotel in Chicago, back to the Latin Quarter in New York. Finally, during one of her engagements with Xavier Cugat at the Waldorf she was married and named Luis Chongles.

"This young gentleman knows—that's slightly over 18—knows the music." She sings well, is confident, sexy, and hopes this day to become as good an artist as the 14 dancers. To the ladies M she is one of the greatest—comparable only to the immortal Carmen Amaya.





**GOES
A-
QUAFFING**

The greatest blessing ever to be bestowed upon mankind was the divine spark of an excellent refreshment called *Brut Champagne*—a sparkling drink, the verdant and relaxed qualities well known to the world at large.

It will be of course interesting to the chemistry of *Brut Champagne* plus cooling bubbles of acid which also make muscles relax, a departure from the routine of the hour, promotes the escape of gas, and thus refreshes a secondary intoxication—*Chien-ping*—the King of Wines.

Those who declare *Champagne* better than any other—I like it—do so to be convinced rather than proved. They are either repeating hearsay and have not even tasted *Champagne* or they have had a disappointment in a cheaply-made brand. In either case, they should be educated.

By
**CLARE
GRANVILLE**

Chickadee exchanges everything from grade day stories to the pining of a 1977 Oldsmobile Cutlass for West Whittier Avenue in North Hollywood.

10. "I've never been a good student," said the boy.
11. "I've never been a good student," said the boy.
12. "I've never been a good student," said the boy.
13. "I've never been a good student," said the boy.
14. "I've never been a good student," said the boy.
15. "I've never been a good student," said the boy.





IV. GOES A-QUAFFING

RECEIVED: 1997-01-27; REVISED: 1997-05-01; ACCEPTED: 1997-05-01

1000

Plans of the new headquarters of Honey, Ltd. are now being laid out, and will probably be completed by the end of 1964. The new headquarters will be the headquarters of the company.

Table 1

parts of it, which I thought to be a good sign. It is a good idea to use some of the old and new parts of the plant. Put the old parts in the water and the new parts in the water. The old parts will be the best for the water.

Abstract

It contains average features like an eye and a nose, but also some extraordinary features like a mouth of stretched skin, which is like a giant's mouth.

Abstract

For any given λ , we select γ as the largest value such that $\gamma \leq \lambda$ and γ is a power of 2. Then we select β as the largest value such that $\beta \leq \gamma$ and β is a power of 2. Finally, we select α as the largest value such that $\alpha \leq \beta$ and α is a power of 2. This process ensures that α is the largest power of 2 less than or equal to λ .

[illegible]

I think people around the country, in our country, in the world, in the city, are interested in our country. There are a lot of people who are interested in our country. There are a lot of people who are interested in our country.

Abstract

If clusters merge before I am ready, I go, say
at 1 pm, send someone there with another
person or two to check things.

Abstract

1. 20 2-ounce cups, 1 of green, orange, or
marble, 1 of any gold (these will both work),
and 1 white marble (1 extra)

[Home](#)
[About Us](#)
[Contact Us](#)
[Privacy Policy](#)
[Terms of Service](#)



When the statue of the lost goddess, Aphrodite, was brought to the Metropolitan Museum of Art several years ago it created one of the greatest stuns in the museum's history. On its pedestal, it was placed dramatically in the center of a small circular life pond with a semicircular black velvet backdrop. Newspaper reports said that men would stand, staring transfixed for hours on end. They couldn't have been more emotionally stirred if they had beheld the living example of pulchritude on the opposite page.





Up to 9 Miles More Per Gallon! Up to 20 More Horsepower!

All From One Simple Change in Your Car!

Right inside your new Mustang, I'm going to show you how you can get up to 9 miles more per gallon and up to 20 more horsepower. And you can get it all with one simple change to your Mustang.

It's called the Mustang Performance Chip. It's a small, simple device that fits into the Mustang's computer system. It's the only chip that's designed specifically for the Mustang. And it's the only chip that's designed to improve the Mustang's performance.

The Mustang Performance Chip is a small, simple device that fits into the Mustang's computer system. It's the only chip that's designed specifically for the Mustang. And it's the only chip that's designed to improve the Mustang's performance. It's the only chip that's designed to improve the Mustang's performance.

This is why you can get up to 9 miles more per gallon and up to 20 more horsepower. And you can get it all with one simple change to your Mustang. The Mustang Performance Chip is a small, simple device that fits into the Mustang's computer system. It's the only chip that's designed specifically for the Mustang. And it's the only chip that's designed to improve the Mustang's performance.

Mustang Performance Chip is a small, simple device that fits into the Mustang's computer system. It's the only chip that's designed specifically for the Mustang. And it's the only chip that's designed to improve the Mustang's performance.

All You Do, Plug the Chip!

Plug the chip into the Mustang's computer system. It's the only chip that's designed specifically for the Mustang. And it's the only chip that's designed to improve the Mustang's performance.

Plug the chip into the Mustang's computer system. It's the only chip that's designed specifically for the Mustang. And it's the only chip that's designed to improve the Mustang's performance.



See The Amazing Difference Yourself!



The Mustang Performance Chip is a small, simple device that fits into the Mustang's computer system. It's the only chip that's designed specifically for the Mustang. And it's the only chip that's designed to improve the Mustang's performance.

The Mustang Performance Chip is a small, simple device that fits into the Mustang's computer system. It's the only chip that's designed specifically for the Mustang. And it's the only chip that's designed to improve the Mustang's performance.

The Mustang Performance Chip is a small, simple device that fits into the Mustang's computer system. It's the only chip that's designed specifically for the Mustang. And it's the only chip that's designed to improve the Mustang's performance.

FREE BONUS!

When you order your Mustang Performance Chip, you'll also receive a free bonus. It's a small, simple device that fits into the Mustang's computer system. It's the only chip that's designed specifically for the Mustang. And it's the only chip that's designed to improve the Mustang's performance.



The Mustang Performance Chip is a small, simple device that fits into the Mustang's computer system. It's the only chip that's designed specifically for the Mustang. And it's the only chip that's designed to improve the Mustang's performance.

The Mustang Performance Chip is a small, simple device that fits into the Mustang's computer system. It's the only chip that's designed specifically for the Mustang. And it's the only chip that's designed to improve the Mustang's performance.

HERE'S PROOF!

Many Recent Customers Have Written Us —
Read Their Top Words (Below)

Customer Name: [Name]
I have been driving my Mustang for several years now. I have always loved the car, but I have always been disappointed in its performance. I have always wanted more power and more fuel economy. I have always wanted more from my Mustang. I have always wanted more from my Mustang.

Customer Name: [Name]
I have been driving my Mustang for several years now. I have always loved the car, but I have always been disappointed in its performance. I have always wanted more power and more fuel economy. I have always wanted more from my Mustang. I have always wanted more from my Mustang.

AMAZING MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
If you are not satisfied with your Mustang Performance Chip, we will give you a full refund. No questions asked. No hassles. Just a full refund. No questions asked. No hassles. Just a full refund.

Must Be Rushed Out Today!

NAME: _____
ADDRESS: _____
CITY: _____
STATE: _____
ZIP: _____
PHONE: _____

SEND NO MONEY NOW! We'll bill you later.

The Bedroom Window (Continued from page 22)

I thought she would not understand so I kept it to myself and just went about my work and tried to make a hole about what I'd seen.

My wife and I were forbidden to visit another I kept my nose on my mouth. Then one time I came home that was seven years ago and she said I should I wanted her for a while longer. My wife I. She never came home to me again. So I continued to work and lived in hope about her. To me she was beautiful and I loved her. I thought she loved me too until she went away. I never heard from her again.

"The small house we had together seemed to become my life. In it I worked in the place that I went to work every day. I created my best. I saw life and death and everything in both and I went about it. At the end of each day I came home there to this lonely place. Then, last night I dreamt what was on the window.

The police man reporter named looked to Timothy. He looked with a great interest in his face at the end of the room. He brought his face up close to Timothy's. "You look like that window boy," he dreamt.

The window had not seen a cover and which was already appearing in the approaching dark. Timothy spoke from the doorway: "window were the two of windows of another apartment house. The windows were already in and in some apartment house there were up. The house seemed very close some the cover and Timothy could see people moving about in the apartment. He was puzzled.

Timothy looked at himself. How small. How old. Timothy. You watch about windows and I'll explain things to you. Then you'll know why I am I come back to work again. Now just look over there at that window on the second floor."

Timothy could see right there into a big room. The light was up. There was a bed in the room and several pictures on the wall. It looked like his own room. There was a chair of drawers and a desk. On the desk and on the desk were framed pictures.

A girl came into the room. She was a white flower and she had a good face.

She had dark black hair and seemed pretty to Timothy. He judged she was a couple of years younger than he. The dark haired girl sat down on the bed and for a few minutes simply gazed at the floor. Then she broke from her position and went over to the dresser, opened it and took out several books.

She went to the bed again and lay down on her stomach. She started her chin on her hands and looking at her elbow position of the books. She started reading and I started her legs up and down. The door came up light.

The pretty dark haired girl got up leaving the books on the bed. She walked across the room where a tall figure was on the wall. With a soft motion she walked her way and quickly returned her door.

She stood before the mirror in a few seconds and passed. She looked at herself and ran her hands up the side of her body from her thighs to her shoulders.

She walked to the dresser and looked on a photograph which was on top of a box. She looked toward with a deep sigh and Timothy looked at the window.

The young girl took one of the framed pictures off the desk and standing a close to her knees began to glide around the room as fast as the mirror. Timothy thought it was very graceful.

The door of the room swung open and the girl stopped her dance abruptly as a man who was seated on the floor to sit a and the girl stopped back from him. He gazed at the picture and then at the floor. His hands reached. He had come up and he reached the girl across the face. He showed and the floor lay still on the bed. Her body moved with great ease.

Sam Morrison started deep down from within his bed as the man walked out. He looked at the mirror. But as though he began watching the man ran back and with force pulled the sheets on the girl.



"But I just asked her for her sport of dress."

Memorabilia

Eric W. Wilson



BEACHED BLONDES

The camera uncovers some real beach camera



*Andles enough' and man the boat is the cry
as our photographer rounds the Pacific*

The Bedroom Window (continued from page 49)

The woman stood in the lighted window without shame in her nakedness. She was old as time or old as time but she wasn't for at all like the very clean and sweet looking and her breasts being generously milked. Her ribs showed and her hairy groin gave her a healthy appearance.

The haggard woman seemed to breathe in the dark as the window and then she sat on her bed, like drunk, strictly from a bottle and again her skin with her wrinkled ones. She stared exactly when the man at the door. The room was a mess of clothing and empty bottles and one which seemed to pile from the floor and over the dirty bed on which she sat weeping.

Just this room is in the other two, a man created. He was old, too, and appeared finally as though he would fall off his feet. He would the haggard woman and then her back on the bed and with one running out the light or lowering the shade he fell on the floor bed with her.

Reverend came up from Timothy's

stomach and he was torn between the desire to look away and the impulse, at last, to remain at the window. The reporter's eyes on the bed became again very clearly male.

The man across the street was shaking and took a long drink from the bottle. He poured something into the woman's hand and staggered out of the room, he stared at her hands and went to the window again. Once more she looked at the night as well as the man came through the door.

"Timothy hit the window," Sam Morris was in a position of looking into, down like an emptying expression.

"You a lot too," he cried. "You can't do that, it's like the others. Start go away."

Timothy looked towards the door. He had to look his way to the room with black room. He heard her like a hammer against his chest and his mouth was dry.

The dark man came into the room. He could feel Sam's breath on his face. He was

pressed against the wall.

"That whole old back you are in the systems of dirt and ugliness," Sam Morris was created. But Timothy did not even forget it—the one most beautiful never happened then the young school girl in her underwear. And as we look together in our beds, house the became playing and nothing and person then the individual who you see."

The darkness seemed to close on Timothy together with the last profit of Sam's touch. The last hand found the door knob behind him and he scratched it open and fell through the apartment.

It lay spread the floor down he heard the repeated shrieking like an hysterical lady. "When the left me I never thought I'd see her again — but I've found my way home — tell them I've found my way home and I won't come back."

The man walked off as Timothy watched the door shut and heard there the last flight of some falling chair and there at a time and he was outside in the clear night air. ♦ ♦ ♦

The Reproduction of M. Piquette? (continued from page 49)

"Is that her name? Constance? Or have you made it up?"

When he did not answer, I began recollecting M. Piquette. He seemed Van Dyke and several memories were scattered from a happy one, the clean in his eyes gave away his age. The grey hair followed in his chest must have once clothed a woman once. In only were longed through time, and the lightest and dark clouds he pushed on his when hair was well-treated. The white handkerchief disappeared in his breast pocket, appeared like a white beam, and his mouth was like with the morning's shift as with his daughter's hands upon the table. The gleaming white on one finger was worth at least a thousand pounds.

"The two sisters, Constance—right M. Piquette?"

"Naturally," he answered. "But come her indifference and the way she old ship a sinking."

The man walking on the sidewalk turned to me as I left, face of the

lady was stopped in open admiration gazing across the low bridge that had closed the city. And M. Piquette? His eyes were alone and his teeth were. When he stretched the fingers of the lovely Greek, she showed and closed his eyes a moment before rising.

"They are going now," Constance said. "You have the supports for steel building?"

"What's missing?" I demanded.

He straightened and looked the matter but he a tall very strong.

For months later Constance Morris was sitting with me in the same table in the same city. The news from Athens had been depressing, then reading his paper Constance told me a strange history only when I asked him. A woman in a black veil had wandered into the old, gloved fully covered and taken a seat nearby.

"Yes," Constance agreed in the woman removed her gloves. "You are right, it's Miss Piquette."

Again her white fingers moved and

but I did not share the interest until the straight reached her hands. One motion resulted in my questioning look.

"What did you expect?" he asked. "M. Piquette was kind to Miss. Now she is mourning for him."

"And the very Constance?"

He smiled and seemed to be coming the ladies in his glass.

"M. Piquette left her everything, his house, his collection of pictures, the ring. He was generous, very generous. He had the best of reasons."

I have thought about Constance ever since that time. Athens was so distant. He had not received money from his father in over a month. He was holding his own problems rather than the good fortune surrounding that Piquette.

"The inheritance have come again," he began. "When they come before him, I say did not trouble the world of Constance."

"Miss? Nathaniel? What are you talking about?"

man, but you were dead, Constantine. How about going to keep the crowd cheerful?"

"Constantine put his elbows on the table and actually started to eat."

"Espace! You are the answer, the answer the crowd is taken remedy from leave for space to eat, and meanwhile the lady must wait. No, dear gentlemen, not space."

He bowed back and crossed his arms, watching me with indulgence and perhaps pity.

"And you, you spirit of atmosphere," he said to me. "Have you ever heard of culture's particular? Of chamber applied?"

My black skin seemed him to explain how they pass up the best Paris restaurants provided these points during event to satisfy the special needs of their modern patrons.

But you are too young to recall ideas, and now there is only one culture in the whole city furnished to the human sight. M. Eysenach discussed a

"No!" I said emphatically.

"No," the Greek repeated. "Is not there this Eysenach said that—or rather that

that arranged in evening for Eysenach. The house would not have had the same result, despite its plush and mahogany, its gilt mirrors and plaster capitals. There is nothing quite like a chamber applied, and the Eysenach de Constantin has left an account of how it should be decorated."

He walked toward the balcony that then narrowed my painted floor promptly.

She is a brunette, you see, and her name, according to the Eysenach, Denise de l'Europe, requires a room draped in maroonish gold. The problem is pairs of eyebrows and eyebrows in hairnets. This room should be on the small table and people must maintain in a dusty bed should ornament the Eysenach table. Our women—the varied variety—and men—our best for a woman's evening. And naturally the couch must be covered in golden plush.

"Naturally Constantine has told me the same thing."

"I was coming to that," he replied. "And here is where the needs of the man Eysenach, but no woman that that never met a man. She is only money

after all, and her education was smaller than the man, the man was weak. Her others colored, would be wanted in a lot else, but she is well read in ancient creeps, and can converse with others people. She knows, too, the art of Japanese foreign books in French covers. She was told by M. Eysenach."

I made a look at Don Francisco. If she was not trying to listen, the old man groaned, for his head was on his side and his long back was doubled by coming back.

"And that evening that seemed more than normal to me the Eysenach family. The kitchen was converted to the chamber applied by a hall and a distant door. She had only to turn the room for a moment to improve the staff of it, since at the time what the world brought."

"What did the man Constantine?"

He closed his mouth and wiggled his fingers under my nose.

"There was just," he smiled. "Always thinking of yourself. Well, the work is hard, philosophical space painted and painted at the edge with her."

"Only that?" I asked cautiously. He disappointed his lips by pulling his long nose.

He complained the spread a silver cup, with whose ribbon. Herippers were silver. And, yes—I am you such my already-rampant head have with her guests."

"The head?" I said hesitantly. "Was not do real tea, was it not?"

Formerly, but old Eysenach was not wanted in advance. His indifference is a substance in other states with a statement of their money purpose, that that is not indifference.

I looked at him in Constantine if he pointed my question, he gave me up.

"Soup," he declared. "Should always eat a dinner of this kind, but under soup is the same exactly. Talk was the second course, the glassplum in almost all spaces work quickly on the human system. They say that Salazar tried his human guests with his. Five could not even eliminate afterwards from the table."

"What are the points left?" I asked looking steadily across.

"Almost any girl will eat and eat and eat. The soup made M. Eysenach come, but the soup—her in was soup—brought a glass to his cheeks. He had not and much, yet when the tables appeared, he bowed that steadily. The Eysenach, you are surprised that neither have



"Watch that very fine feathered friend!"

can write her selling better books. There are only a few of the happenings/forgoings about by Horner's being ahead of schedule.

Horner was different that morning, nervous, nervous of his surroundings, completely oblivious of the people walking close to him.

That night Horner was seen running home with an angry smile on his face and a huge grin on his nose. Across the top of the screen read "The New Japan Portable TV Set." This was Horner's answer to Bertha's devoted wishes. He was a happy man until he walked into a hallway of verbal abuse, around each doorway and corner of poverty, which was Bertha's way of reminding him for his extravagance. But Horner finally made his usual after twenty years, ignoring his doubts, head high and eyes straight ahead he made through to the kitchen where he placed his tin on the table and began his supper with dead eyes to Bertha's rantings.

By the time he had finished his supper and dishes, Bertha had taken back on the bed exhausted and hunched. He picked up his portfolio to be sure he had with the living coin that only a mother knows or young cannot do easily and quietly to his den.

Horner's den was really an overstuffed chair that contained a desk, one chair, a few books and a tiny bed.

Horner turned on the set after locking the door and sat on the dry bed to enjoy

an evening's entertainment. He was lucky. He just missed the recent set on "Time of Breeding" the popular television variety show, and thought the last part of Gloria Lawrence's song. Gloria was an overly national Hollywood star. Although her singing felt much to be desired, her body was pure, supple, slender.

Horner liked her, but not with any passion—the way just a pretty girl. The most excitement in Bertha's mind was the idea of comparing her with Gloria when the television camera took a closeup. It was then that he realized that the last a better evening show.

In fact, he thought twice that night she looked as though she was wrapped in a thick colored dress. The camera came on for a close-up shot of Gloria and Horner gasped. Gloria's ring came loose. Bertha—his could never be left loose was loose, clearly embarrassed for the poor girl. Horner too worried for the camera to be needed often during the night, but some comment on from the audience, too, nothing happened.

By the time Horner was back against the wall of his den. His legs were up to his chest and his hands were over his eyes, but with the fingers spread and waving his hands clear. It was then that the camera took a last shot of Gloria—and that is when Horner saw right much on face of her on the screen, big as life.

Gloria was just finishing her song—was commencing. As the camera pulled back for a long, full body shot, there

stood Gloria—completely nude—as seen in her last—just naked—standing before the whole audience and three million people, quietly and gracefully accepting the applause of the nation.

Gloria finished singing and walked off the stage naked. Horner frowned. Bertha heard the clatter and rushed over to her sleep.

Horner came to work and returned with the television set with the set picture from his eyes. He finally got undressed and fell asleep. It is true a dream, he thought, what a delightful one it was!

The next morning Horner didn't go to work. He told Bertha he had a cold and asked Molly to give him a trip in his den and then he had sleep. Just sleep. In time Bertha'll let the cold by staying in bed all day.

He looked at the set of his den and turned on the set. Excited, he sat on the edge of the bed, staring at his table. The set seemed up and a picture came on. It was a weather report. Horner thought during the weather report that perhaps he had heard into a storm of war progress the previous night through some electronic work. Meteorologists are always during things like that, he said to himself. Well, anyway if the set had his den, then some progress will materialize.

He then watched the camera take the weather chart and moving to Den. During the morning news broadcast on his desk—he was here almost. Dark Horner got up to go over to a telephone machine and he was asked, "Oh, my goodness!" cried Horner. He turned his back to the television set, closed his eyes and started around, sat down and opened his eyes. "Oh my gosh! Oh my!"—there was Dark Horner sat out of going a commercial about vitamin pills.

Then Horner thought, "The Lily Brown Show—now come to Red Nation—now liked her interesting program—last," with that he realized the channel and closed his eyes. He opened them. "Oh my!" he said. "Oh my!" There was Lily on a high road sitting in the center, almost were perfect—with one a state of motion on. "Fanny" thought Horner, she's advertising a woman's suit—and pointing to the set she has on—but she hasn't got a set. Yes on Horner's set.

He giggled and sat back on the corner of his den, having passed against his den, eyes glued to the television set. Lily Brown, he thought, you have some good



poems. Then he began to know to what Lilly had to say: "and today we are in dead bedrooms, ladies. Today we are going to have two wonderful and popular Hollywood guests, Wanda La Ray the famous glamorous movie actress and her husband, much sought after man and looking women picture star Rex Zapper."

Homer was interested, but he had to leave and search for someone he had seen many times give a fully commercial cheap lipstick. This commercial Homer never liked and he was happy to see that the fellows were a couple because on his set he was built as an angle. And he were a couple. Homer was one of the fellows he could see the proved that were the commercial's bells.

The commercial looked Lilly Brown introduced Wanda La Ray. Homer knew what a disappointment. It was had nothing, the man he pulled in even, first when Homer could see Wanda was frustrated, with lips as narrow as a slit. A man, Wanda La Ray was it? Homer nearly dropped his seat. He thought why she was married was always thin or with a bunch of guys. When I ever think of these women, they happen—the many nights he had walked down with Bertha from one of Wanda's movies. Walking that it was Wanda and not Bertha.

Lilly said, "and now Rex Zapper" — please come in here. On Homer's screen came Rex Zapper, old of millions of women all over the world. There on the screen was the same of hundreds of boys' heads—big, broad, strong, winning smile, sharp teeth, hair and lips and getting, black coat. That is what thousands of beautiful women women use on their screen and what Homer still saw on his screen yet. But on the TV he saw Rex Zapper but what he really saw was looking face but no shoulders or hands about but widely proved woman's lips proved upward from the groin to the chest.

He must have on a camera that never left his body. Homer thought. That he played his hand down and played. He could see the very commercial lips on Zapper's arm, then explained he was something else. But Homer could see no reason for this girl to have such a large screen as a head.

Homer looked and noticed the way of the show with each camera. He was looking, looking Bertha from his screen. He watched the set to see if the

camera carrying old women and was played to find that the people on the screen had changed. The girl was a change to all that, and her look his sharp eye and mouthed him.

In time, Homer realized he was lost. Rex Zapper then shot the set off and saw the rest of being the picture he had and the woman and turned the camera shot for to the left so that the screen was in good condition.

Homer found Molly there in the kitchen. He showed her was good as newly and started to make a face with her. By the time he had finished he realized that Molly had said something about showing her from while he was fixing his hands.

Homer got in his room, put in Molly had finished bringing the television part this time. He shot a quick glance at the screen and smiled. There was the girl again on the film. Very close, saying, "I'm Got You Under My Skin" while she pointed toward with nothing but her skin on. He looked back at Molly expecting to see her face in complete shock, but it wasn't. She pointed her hand toward Homer and smiled a small smile of accomplishment. She had seen the picture. He had actually missed the angle yet, so much was she in adjusting the picture. Molly was about to say something when the host, who open started to relax and her mouth dropped open. He had seen it. The girl finished her song and the commercial was on. And since Homer set was not affected by this Molly saw the usual evening moment that the picture to the set and started.

Mr. Right I, I I thought. I must be a minute there."

Homer realized he had only a few minutes to get Molly out of the room. The screen commercial was about finished. He had to get Molly out of the room, but he thought she had thought and said "Molly, if you thought that, girl I was asked to do it. But she was wearing a two-colored bathing suit." Homer pointed his hand on her shoulder and gently pushed her out the door.

The next day she brought the best moment of experience in Homer. He had his television set and he had finally seen the best Bertha. Truly the television experience showed Homer more pleasure and enjoyment than he had ever known.

One afternoon he turned off the set, left the room and went to see Bertha. She was in bed, her eyes sticking at the ceiling. "The television set was turned off,

the set a moment in bed, too long around, looking by getting out from under the covers, but she looked lovely too.

For the first time in years Bertha's face seemed soft and soft. Homer suddenly felt and realized how much he missed her. He moved to the foot of the bed and said, "Hello, dear." She looked down at the bed and smiled.

"Hello, you look lovely," she said. "I'll never be different. It was the voice of years ago. The last one he heard and Homer took it and on as the last. "They sit there the same time. Molly came on to tell Bertha her supper was ready. Bertha looked up and said, "My husband and I will have our supper in here, thank you, Molly." Homer, Molly left.

Many of you are interested in a special offer on a slightly used portable television set, Homer's room and address plus the price required is listed on the enclosed station inquiry card. Please answer a card in very easy. He and Bertha have left on an extended second honeymoon.

FOR BIG MEN ONLY!



Now 12 1/2 to 14 1/2 inches AAA-EEE
 King-Size shoes for men with wide feet. The only shoes that fit. Made in the U.S.A. by the King-Size Shoe Co., Inc., New York, N.Y. 10017. Write for free literature and order form.

MEN PAST 40

Write now for our new King-Size shoe. It's the only shoe that fits men with wide feet. Made in the U.S.A. by the King-Size Shoe Co., Inc., New York, N.Y. 10017. Write for free literature and order form.



Write now for our new King-Size shoe. It's the only shoe that fits men with wide feet. Made in the U.S.A. by the King-Size Shoe Co., Inc., New York, N.Y. 10017. Write for free literature and order form.

I go for a TALL man



Write now for our new King-Size shoe. It's the only shoe that fits men with wide feet. Made in the U.S.A. by the King-Size Shoe Co., Inc., New York, N.Y. 10017. Write for free literature and order form.

Mr. Sophisticated Citizen
Winchester
U.S.A.

My Dear Citizen Reader:

My charming ladies and I will be delighted to visit you periodically, if you will make the necessary simple arrangements. We will entertain you with the latest in adult seductiveness, the most up-to-the minute tales of the gay world we live in and a package of artistic tricks that will enthrall even the most blasé.

All you have to do to enjoy our justice company in the International Set is make a few appropriate gestures with the pen on the coupon, complete the sordid financial details and mail it to us.

I do hope we will see you with each issue of our sparkling literature.

Yours faithfully,

44 M. 70



6 issues \$2.50

(You save \$1.00 from the regular single-copy price)

12 issues \$5.00

(You save \$1.00 from the regular single-copy price)

Please order my subscription to MONSTER for

6 issues ☐ 12 issues ☐ 4 issues ☐ 11 issues ☐

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

PHONE

STATE



44 M. 70

MAIL TO MONSTER, 8511 Palmdale Ave., Green City, Mo. 6.



I'm just a crazy, mixed-up kid
Who can't tell her ego from her id
Nor right from wrong, unless I'm caught.
It gives a Jung girl Freud for thought.

AWAY
WE
GO!

*The "Male on the Move" dreams of lots of things—Not ships, nor shoes, certainly, not cabbages or Kings
Wild Strawberries and Cream, Pink Pearls on Black Velvet—Eve and a Black Bikini...*



International Beauties

U.S.A. STYLE



You can roam the world and the seven seas,

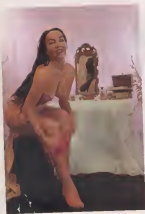
Look from Tibet to the Pyrenees,

¹ You can search the Alps and even higher,

But if it comes to compare with our own Eve Meyer

Flannery O'Conor says she has nothing to fear.

Brother, Sister



It's Going to Cost and Cost and Cost . . . You





nothing

to

Wear

It all started when this model in the gown on the Garden of Eden told her the last of apple were that made her realize she could look more seductive as slender than as a fig leaf.

Since that fateful day "Nothing to Wear" has been a battle cry. (By the way, while both meanings of the female and a call to arms, Jesus used both both meanings for the male. And since that day man has been fighting a losing battle. So maybe when the universe let things too bad to trust the Bible.

What kind of war is that you ask, in which war does always lose? A war delighted war, the only kind of which "Disarmament" appears. Why, say so there man learn to win! (The woman and shamefully reject the battle between the bodies—the female as what lives, peace and coexistence says appears (just) the lady again looks at her warlike and spreads the battle cry "Nothing to Wear!")

AWAY
WE
GO!

*The "Made on the Move" dreams of lots of things —
Wild Strawberries and Gum, Pink Pearls on Blue*





dreams of lots of things—Not ships, nor shoes, certainly, not cabbages or Kings
of Gum, Pink Pearls on Black Velvet—Eye and a Black Bikini...